

KILLER KLOWN



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The Killer Clown

It was another average day of school. Kids were running and screaming and bullies are picking on all the kids. The halls were filled with traffic and worn out books. Everyone was just glued to where they stand, except Robert, the biggest 7th grade nerd. He gets picked on everyday and was judged on how he looks. He has no freedom.

"Dinggggg," signals the start of this important day.

"Hello class. My name is Mr. Bill. I will be your sub today. Your task is to write an essay about what you want to do today for Halloween. You have the whole period. Get started." The whole class began to talk while I began to brainstorm. I thought hard and carefully about what I wanted to do. I just could not think straight. All my thoughts were stuck on Robert. I just could not stop feeling sorry for him. Then it hit me. I would like to spend a fun filled Halloween night with Robert to cheer him up.

The day continued on and I was getting more excited each period.

"Dingggg," the final bell rang. I dashed out of my classroom and out the doors, not even going to my locker.

"This day is going to be fun," I told myself all the way home. When I reach my house, I dashed inside and up to my room where I will make our costumes. "Zombie for me; clown for Robert," I said. I started on my costume first. I ripped a shirt and a pair of shorts and covered them in fake blood. I added a mask I bought earlier this week to complete my masterpiece. It was time to make

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Robert's clown costume. First, I made a yellow suit with blue spots all over it. I combined that with some fake blood to create the clown suit. Using an old clown mask I had from the previous years, I completed the costume. It was getting late. "Mom!!" I exclaimed.

"What sweetie," my mom said in a kind voice.

"I'm going out with my friends to trick or treat," I said.

"Ok sweetie, don't be too late," said my mom. This was the beginning of this fright fest of a night.

I started my journey towards Robert's house. When I finally reached his house, there was no cheerful spirits. All I saw was a small house with a ragged paint job. All I hear is yelling and coughing. "This is why he gets picked on," I told myself, ringing the doorbell. Robert approached the door with tears in his eyes. "Do you want to come trick-or-treating with me," I said in a kind voice.

"Yeahhhhhh!" Robert exclaimed in a happy tone.

"Here is your costume, lets go," I said all excited. Robert ran upstairs and put on his costume while I waited anxiously for him to return. Finally, he came out with a pillow case and a cheerful mood. We rushed to the closest house to us. The candy was put in our bag and we were off to the next house. This sequence continued on for each house. "We have received over 50 pieces of candy," Robert kept telling me. It was like he never had one piece. He was so delighted.

It was getting late and there was only one house left to do, but we got caught up with the bully. He took all of Robert's candy and made Robert burst out

into tears. He ran over to me short of breath and speechless. I felt so sorry for him. "Robert; I'm going over there and going to tell them to give back your candy," I said. He nodded his head and I began my walk over to the bully. Before I knew it, they did the same thing to me. I was mad and crushed that they could do such a thing. I ran away to see how Robert was doing. "Where is he?" I told myself. It was like he had vanished off the face of earth.

Suddenly, I heard a bunch of loud screams. It was coming from the bullies. I turned around and all I saw was Robert with a knife in his hand and three bodies covered in blood. Robert, the lonely and short geek, had just murdered three bullies.

I stood there shocked and confused on why he would do that. Being as sly as I possibly can, I slowly moved over to him. When I reached him he turned around and had a mischievous look on his face. Not even hesitating, Robert ran right into the forest across the street. He was grinning, but in tears. I knew I had to turn him in, but I just couldn't. I just felt so sorry for him. I ran home and up to my room to make the final decision on what I should do. Why did it have to come to this???

20 Years Later

It was another average day of work at the dentist. Customers are filling my office. My assistants are being annoying. Everything is in chaos. "There is only 10 minutes left of work," my assistant told me. I was relieved to hear that. Having

no other customers in my office, I got myself a coffee. I enjoyed it as much as I could because it was my favorite thing about work. Free coffee.

I grabbed some papers I had to fill out to keep me occupied. I realized that one of the patients name on the paper was Robert. I began to wonder if this was the Robert from 20 years ago. Checking for his last name, I finally realized that this was a different Robert. When I finished this, it was time to leave the office. I grabbed all my bags and walked out the door. I locked the door and started to walk to my car. I suddenly saw a picture of Robert as a kid with a wanted sign above him. "They found out he killed them," I said to myself. Not surprised, I continued my walk to the car. I jumped in my car and immediately turned on the radio. It was a long ride home. I turned on the engine, put the gear shift in drive, and began my long journey home. When I finally reached my house, I put down my bags and greeted my wife with a warm kiss. Then I turned on the television and put on the NFL channel. This was my favorite time of the day. I was all alone and watching my favorite sport. It couldn't get any better. Suddenly, the fire alarm went off. I ran into the kitchen and all I saw was a big mountain of fire. I quickly grabbed the bucket from the cabinet, and filled it with water and threw it on the fire. Nothing happened. The fire was actually growing. I knew I couldn't put it out now. I grabbed my wife and dashed outside. This whole situation was a sequel to what had happened 20 years ago. Trying to make things better, I dashed back inside to get as many things as possible, while my wife began to burst out into tears. I returned back out with few, but precious items. Then I ran back in to get

more stuff. In a instant I had to run back out because the fire was bigger than ever. It covered most of the living room. I could not do anything.

I watched as my dream house slowly began to be maimed. There was no hope left for it to be saved. Finally, after waiting another 10 minutes, the plebian fire department showed up. Although, they were already too late. It took them another 15 minutes to put out the rest of the remaining fire. The fire department left, but three stayed to ask how it had happened. I told them all that happened and asked if they could help us. They agreed to help us and then asked if we had life insurance. We said no so they gave us a bill for how much the repairs on the house would cost. Forgetting the bill, I walked over to my wife to comfort her. “ I don’t know what were going to do,” I kept telling her. Suddenly, I thought of Robert. “ He must of changed, by now,” I told myself. Our plan was to go to Robert’s house to ask if we could stay there.

We walked to the car, put our bags in the trunk, and began our journey to his house. I was really worried if this decision was right. I reassured myself that nothing would happen. Although, I was wrong.

We reached his house after a 30 minute drive to my old neighborhood. I knew it was his old house because of the ragged paint job and familiar features. I went to ring the doorbell. Nobody answered. I rung the doorbell again and the door opened a little. All I heard was, “ What do you want.”

“ Robert, is that you,” I said.

“ Yeah. It is me.” Robert said. He opened the door all the way and welcomed me in. He looked so much different. He had a big blue shirt covering

his big stomach. He was wearing a ripped baseball cap and a pair of bent glasses to cover his small head. The biggest change about him was he was kind of scary looking. Forgetting how he looked, I asked him if we could stay here because our house burned down. Being the person he is, he said yes and a merciless smile began to form on his face. Confused by his actions, I asked him where I should put all my things. "Up in your new room," he said.

He took me upstairs where I found a small bed for me and my wife. I called her up and asked her to bring up her bags. When she reached the room she put down her bags and said she was hungry. Robert also hearing this, said he would go to the store to buy food for me and my wife.

"Thank you," my wife replied to him. Robert then took his car keys and headed off to the store. Right when he left, my wife and I began to talk about if we were really going to stay here. I insisted on staying because of Robert's nice personality. My wife disagreed and told me that she was scared of Robert. We didn't know what to do.

We decided to stay for the night, to see how it goes. If it goes well, we would stay. Although, if it does not go well, we would find another friend's house that we could stay at. Having nothing else to do, we waited for Robert to return. Once he finally returned, I helped him bring in the groceries. He had bought chicken and some potatoes. My wife began to set the table while we did this. Robert and I put all the supplies in the kitchen and Robert began to cook for us. He told me I could watch television while he cooked. Grabbing the control, I turned on the NFL channel. My wife sat beside me as we waited for him to finish.

It took him one hour to cook all of the food. My wife helped carry all the food out while I got the silverware. When everything was at the table, we sat down to enjoy the meal. The chicken was not the best I had, but it was okay. The potatoes were the same. This was the first time I really got to know Robert. When we were kids, I really did not talk to him that much. Even though that night I spent my Halloween with him, I really didn't learn anything about him. This is why this was an important moment with me and Robert.

We finished our food, cleaned our plates, and began to get ready for bed. My wife and I walked upstairs and laid in the small bed. My wife was tired and fell asleep quickly. I was different though. I had many things to think about and I was not tired. I began to wonder if I could really trust Robert. After all we have been through, I really don't think he trusts me. I think he really is just scared I will turn him in for what he had done that day. I will just have to see.

We all woke up the next morning very early. I walked downstairs with my wife to see Robert already dressed in his clothes for the day.

"Are you hungry?" Robert asked me. I replied with a yes and asked what he has. He said nothing and that he would have to go to the store.

"I'll go for you," I said. He accepted my offer and gave me his car keys. I ran upstairs to put on regular clothes while my wife followed me. She told me she was scared and still didn't trust him. "You'll be fine," I told her. She agreed and walked back downstairs. I threw on a pair of shorts and a light tee. I ran back downstairs and out the door. I jumped into Robert's car and headed off to the store.

I began to have second thoughts about my decision. I reassured myself that it would be okay. Although, just to be safe, I grabbed the pancakes in the front of the store and bought them quickly. Getting more scared, I sprinted to the car and threw the bags in the front seat. I started the engine and maneuvered out of the parking lot as fast as I could. I drove onto the freeway thinking it would be faster to get to Robert house. Although, I was wrong. It was bumper to bumper traffic. I dashed to the side of the freeway and got off at the nearest exit.

I drove down the ramp and immediately headed for his house. It took me five minutes to get home. I sprinted inside with the food. Although, it was already too late. I saw my wife on the floor with blood all over her body. I was aghast and full of fear and anguish.

“ Whyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy! Why did I leave this house!” I shouted at the top of my lungs.

I quickly got up and ran into the kitchen. I grabbed the biggest knife Robert had and began to look for Robert. I searched the house, but I couldn't find him. The only place I had not looked was his basement. I slowly walked downstairs and tried to be as quiet as possible. I suddenly heard a little noise. I peaked down the stairs and saw what looked like to be a clown. Robert, wearing the same clown suit the Halloween he murdered the bullies, had just murdered my wife.

I ran down the stairs and swung my arm with the the knife. I had missed. Being an open target, Robert quickly ran over to me and punched me in the stomach. I fell straight to the floor, weeping in pain. I got up for the survival of my

life. I ran back upstairs and went up to the room I slept in. Robert followed me and slowly began to walk upstairs. I immediately hid under the bed and waited for the moment of truth.

Robert, thinking I was in the room, walked in. I tried to be as silent as possible so he would not find me. He first looked in the closet. When he didn't find me there, he left the room. I was really surprised and slowly got out of my hiding spot. Robert, being the smart person he is, did that as a trap. I fell right into it. He ran back into the room and tackled me onto the floor. I was struggling to get out. Although, he was just too strong and didn't let me get out.

"Why are you doing this, Robert?" I said.

"Because you are going to turn me in!" Robert said.

"No, I am not. So why are you doing this. I won't tell. I promise!" I exclaimed.

"Who cares," Robert said.

He went to strike at my head with his knife, but was bothered by a telephone ring. He went to turn around to look for one second. This was my only chance. I quickly knocked the knife out of his hand and got up sprinting to the kitchen. Robert, surprised by my action, got up slowly and didn't see that I went into the kitchen. He thought I went back down into the basement. I watched as he slowly walked down the stairs holding his knife firmly. He began to head for the basement. If I was going to kill him, it would be now. I took a knife from the kitchen and gave Robert a stab in the back. He fell over crying in pain and bursting into tears. He reached for me begging for help. I didn't help him and

thought he had deserved it. After all he has done, he should get this punishment. I watched as he slowly began to die. I dropped my knife right next to Robert.

Not regretting anything, I went over to my wife to observe her dead body. Suddenly, I felt an sharp pain in my left shoulder. Robert, using the last bit of life he had, stabbed me in the shoulder.

I fell to the floor and began to burst into tears. I quickly began think about everything that was good in my life. I thought of my wife, my mom and dad, and all the things I regret. I slowly began to wonder what will happen next. The only thing on my mind was that I get to see my wife where ever I go. My eyes slowly began to shut. My life was over.